

# Good Morning 763

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Ron  
Richards'  
Civvy Street  
Guide

# A BIG JOB IN THE SUN

THINKING of emigrating? Okay, let's have a look at the world and try to choose the best spot first time. South Africa is as good as anywhere to start, so this week I will give you the low-down on what to expect if and when you get there.

Before going into technicalities I would like to generalise so that if you don't like it you don't have to read on.

The Union of South Africa is, to me, like a wardrobe. There are plenty of whites, but a great deal more blacks. The natives do the heavy work, and the foreigners do the executive work. In South Africa, many hard-working engineers and prospectors do go out of the big cities, where they have to rely upon the goodwill of the native.

The climate is one of the most agreeable in the world. If you like the sun, and can picture yourself as big white chief, this is your best bet. But remember there are few jobs going for any kind of manual labourer, as only a native could possibly live on the pay.

Settling stations for newcomers are usually Durban (the home of the "county" folk), Johannesburg (Jewberg, and no more comment) and Capetown, which is, in many ways, like Cardiff or Liverpool, though cleaner.

The Government of the Union is giving encouragement, and every possible facility to the industrial expansion, which will be spread over a period of years. This will include, among other things, the development of the steel and other heavy industries. That means jobs for men who are skilled. Building, too, has the same openings.

South Africa will need a great number of men for every industry, especially in the capacity of foremen and overseers.

If you have served an apprenticeship there should be little or

no trouble finding a job. And, of course, this also embraces agricultural work and mining, where the manual work is carried out by natives under European foremen.

Before you make definite plans for the big move, it is advisable, first, to find a job. For this, the Memorial Settlers' Association, at Grand Building, Trafalgar Square, London, operates. You will find them helpful in the extreme, and through their parent body in the Union will probably be able to fix you up.

They will also find a clerical job for your wife if she wants to work, and that is not at all a bad idea, especially if the employer is prepared to pay her fare out.

To get a Government job you have to be resident at least six months. That goes for the railways and the Police.

There are two official languages, English and Afrikaans. The latter is growing in popularity as the Dutch interests spread. All Government employees must speak the two languages.

The housing problem in South Africa, as in the United Kingdom, is very acute, but the Government has a plan to beat this. From all reports it is similar to the scheme which, we read, is operating here. In the circumstances the movement of families should receive most careful consideration. It seems unlikely that you would be admitted unless there was some shelter for you at the other end.

At normal times living costs are slightly higher than in England. Wages are, on the whole, higher than here for the white population, and living expenses do not, on the whole, differ greatly from those at home.

South Africa is a country of mixed altitudes, and any person who suffers from an affection of the heart should seek medical advice

before moving to Johannesburg and surrounding districts, where the height is nearly 6,000 feet above sea level.

English winter clothing is suitable for wintering in the Union, but our summer clothing would be too heavy for the summer months there.

The country is well to the fore in education, and provides both general and specialised education which equals the best to be had in most countries. Secondary education is government controlled, and private schools are required to provide a standard of education not lower than that provided at government schools. There are universities at Pretoria, Capetown, Stellenbosch and Johannesburg.

## USELESS EUSTACE



"Pardon the intrusion, sir, but did I leave my diploma behind?"

So much for the place, now about getting there.

The shipping situation is not good, and I suggest that you consult a shipping firm so that your name can be added to the very long waiting lists. At the present time, steamship passages cost from £50 to £90, according to the class and port of disembarkation.

The Government of South Africa does not supply free or assisted passages to persons proceeding to the Union to engage in private employment, nor will they lend money for the purpose.

And now, if you have made up your mind that South Africa is to be your destination, read this quotation from the official notice to all potential immigrants.

"It must be clearly understood that intending immigrants will not be admitted if they are likely to become a charge upon the Public Funds. Documentary evidence will be required at the port of entry that the immigrant is in possession of capital sufficient to maintain himself. For this, £100 would be sufficient if you have a job to go to or follow a trade wherein you could easily find a job.

"You must be a natural born British subject, not suffering from tuberculosis or loathsome disease."

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Dept. of C.N.I., Admiralty, London, S.W.1



## Getting Spick and Span for Torpedoman D. McLeod

TORPEDOMAN DOUGLAS MCLEOD had been for a spell in hospital in India, his mother told us when we called at 4 Seaton Avenue, Aberdeen, and the last letter received said he was much better, and hoped to rejoin his ship shortly.

"It's the first patrol Douglas has missed," said his mother, "and I know he has worried about it. He is fond of his ship and the Service."

Well, Douglas, we found everybody at home in grand form. Your eldest brother William is still at Aldershot with the R.E.s, and he and his family are well. You have a new niece, for William has now five of a family, and the christening ceremony will be soon.

Your brother Alec is back after four and a-half of years in Egypt. He is playing football again, and is touching League class.

Your three sisters are fine, and working hard, as usual. Peggy was asleep when we called, but we wakened her to get in the picture. Tough, you say, but she had left word that she did not want to be left out.

Gladys is still working at her job in the shop, and little Alice is doing very well at Linksfield School.

The photo arrangements suited her better than Peggy, as she was kept off school so that she could be included. Her teacher gladly consented to this unofficial half-day, as she said Alice is one of her brightest pupils, and could afford the time off. Nice work.

Your mother is very well, also Dad, who is busy at the shipyard, and still speaking of his old days in the Gordons in the last war, when he was a "dispatch runner." He can still run for the Bridges tram-car of a morning.

Your mother hopes you will all be home by the end of the year. She has started in early to get ready. We could hardly navigate the lobby for paint-pots.

Alec is looking forward to seeing you soon. Can you realise it is six years since you two met?

You are both now touching your seven years regular service.

Alec still plays the accordion, and is practising some new tunes for your benefit.

## When George Martin burst the ball

GREAT interest was aroused in football circles when Hull City, after first drawing on their ground in an F.A. Cup tie, forced Everton to a draw at Goodison Park.

In the latter match they fought back when losing by two goals, and with only two players, to snatch the equaliser and hold out during extra time.

Thus it came about that Villa Park was the scene of the third meeting between the two clubs.

At once Hull City, although considered by most people the weaker of the two sides, showed they had no inferiority complex, and within a few minutes they had gone ahead. Everton equalised, and Hull City, after their goal had two narrow escapes, once more took the lead.

So well were the Hull side playing that it was expected that they would hold out and gain the day.

But Arthur Dominy made one of his famous dribbles, the Hull defence could do nothing to stop the Everton player, and as the referee was about

to blow for time, Dominy drove the ball past the advancing Hull City goalkeeper.

Again extra time had to be played, and as the Hull centre-forward had been badly injured, George Martin, their outside-right, took over the leading of the attack.

Right from the resumption the Everton defenders sensed that George Martin, in his new position, was going to be a danger.

The were not wrong, for the Hull forward began to show that he had everything that went to the making of a great inside-forward.

After some mid-field play, Hull broke away, and the hard-pressed Everton defenders, not too keen to take too many chances, gave away a corner on the right.

The ball was placed accurately into the Everton goal-mouth, and George Martin, running forward like a hare, caught the ball on the volley and sent it flying high into the Everton goal.

His colleagues rushed forward, and for some seconds

Martin was lost from sight.

Then the shouts of the crowd made the Hull players look up. Arthur Davies, the Everton goalkeeper, had run up to the referee with the ball in his hands.

It had burst! It was claimed by the Everton players that the ball had burst before going over the line, and thus the goal was not legal.

The referee over-ruled this appeal by explaining that the ball would not have gone into the net at such speed had it not been in good condition.

So George Martin, as well as putting his team into the next round of the F.A. Cup, had the distinction of shooting so hard that he burst the ball!

He must have impressed Everton with his sharp-shooting, for they tried to secure his transfer the following week.

Twelve months later he did don their colours, and gave great service to the "toffee-men."

John Allen

## Home Town Topics

IN a War Memorial Room at the Civic Centre, Southampton, where it is proposed to preserve the town's war records, a prominent place will be reserved for a bronze plaque which is being presented to the town on behalf of the United States Navy.

The plaque itself is not yet ready, but representatives of the U.S. Navy, before leaving the port, presented to Mayor J. C. Dyas a drawing of the gift, and the plaque will follow when it is completed.

The plaque, which bears at the top, "To the citizens of Southampton," records "appreciation of their hospitality and co-operation with the U.S. Navy during the war years, 1943, 1944 and 1945."

Lieut.-Commander Hamilton Moses, commanding the U.S. Naval Advanced Amphibious Base at Southampton, who presented the drawing to the Mayor at a ceremony, said:

"It has been a wonderful experience for us in Southampton. Everybody from the Mayor downwards has done everything to make us happy. We want Southampton to know that we have not taken their kindnesses for granted, but all of us, officers and men, have been deeply touched by the reception we have had."

JOLLY.

SOUTHAMPTONIANS will miss the genial personality of Canon R. B. Jolly, their aptly-named Rural Dean and Rector of St. Mary's, who has accepted the invitation of the Bishop of Worcester to become Vicar of Kidderminster. During the seventeen years

he has held the benefice of the town's Mother Church he has identified himself with practically every aspect of Southampton's life, from civics to sport, with characteristic energy and enthusiasm.

Soon after his arrival in the town he was speaking from the pulpit of St. Mary's about the urgent need for repairs to the fabric of the church. His appeal received dramatic emphasis when a number of slates fell from the roof with a tremendous crash.

Some of his friends jokingly accused him of having engineered the fall! The appeal was so successful, however, that a member of the congregation sent him a cheque for £500 the next day.

St. Mary's was completely gutted by fire during one of the blitzes on Southampton in 1940. The Rector himself saved many of the church's priceless treasures while the edifice was blazing. He also did fine work as a warden through all the many raids on the town which devastated his parish.

### ON THE RATION.

WHEN a circus visited Plymouth recently the demands made by the wild animals on local "rations" caused a shortage in the dogs' and cats' meat shops, where the queues got longer than usual.

One woman queued for half-an-hour three days in succession without getting a single tit-bit for her pet terrier, who spent a vegetarian week until the "big top" moved on.

# BELLA'S CHOICE

All the Crew loved Bella;  
but who did Bella love?

IN a way I've got to thank Bella Turner for the promotion that's coming off soon; for I, second mate of the tug *Vulcan Two*, am getting command of the *Vulcan One*.

But don't send bouquets until I tell you how it came about: and don't waste sympathy on the first mate, for he is a big slob anyway.

We were all in love with her. I was in love because her dad, who was skipper of the *Vulcan Two*, kept a good canteen and got the maximum of work out of his mates by pretending that his bank-book was as thick as his cocktails.

The first mate was in love with her because he was in love with every girl who had a pretty face. I can make allowances for seamen, mind you, looking back on my own past, but the son of a gun didn't see that Bella was different.

He was so sure of her that he bet me a month's pay on it;

and he was a teetotaler, the big stiff. I had no use for him.

The third mate was in love with Bella because it was natural for anybody to be in love with her.

The bo'sun was in love with her, too. But he kept to the fo'e's'le, or the waist, or I'd have punched the lining out of him; and the first and third mates would have helped me.

Maybe I'd have needed them, as the bo'sun was a hard runt with a fist like a brickbat, and a chest that sounded like a big drum when you thumped him.

But neither the Third nor the bo'sun counted. The choice lay between me and the First; and I was out to get his month's pay. The big, sneaking weed couldn't handle a tough crew to save his skin.

Well, that was how it lay when the *Vulcan Two* was waiting for the big job of helping to fix up the lighthouse at the edge of the Bahama reef. They don't build lighthouses nowadays as they did when you and

I were young. In the past they built stone on stone when the tide was down, using divers to blast away the rock under water and plant the layers of keyed stone.

But in these days they make a gigantic caisson and tow it out and dump it, while the tugs spew liquid concrete on top. The weight of the concrete sinks the caisson to the sand; and while the concrete is being thrown on by wire-hose there is a gang of men deep down inside the caisson digging away the sand to let the cutting edge sink as far as possible into the ooze. These men work under compressed air.

When their job is finished they come up to the sun-light through a trapdoor on the top of the caisson which is so fixed that the concrete doesn't hurt it. These men are the water rats.

The lighthouse we were to plant was one on the edge of the Bahama reef. That reef is about the most cursed deathtrap in the whole Caribbean. Blast its eyes, anyway.

It hasn't a solid place on its top; and there it sits, a multitude of pinnacles waiting for ships to come along and become impaled.

It was because we knew that reef that we were all glad to be in at the sinking of the lighthouse base. We knew we were putting one over the reef at last; and I was feeling just fine as I looked up at the poop where Bella and her father used to sit of an afternoon.

When the lighthouse was planted, I was going to show the first and the third mates, and the bo'sun, that Bella didn't care a whoop for them and was thinking of me all the time.

Besides, I was thinking about the bank-book of her dad—that and his cocktails. You'll observe that I was deep in love.

Bella came out of the cabin one hot afternoon just when I was about to go aft and tell the skipper that I saw a small motor-boat on its way out to us. We were lying well out in the bay of Parlai.

I was blessing the coming of that motor-boat, for it was so hot that I had begun to think about them cocktails again, and the only way to get one between meals was to report the coming of a boat.

All that was necessary was just to put your head into his cabin and say, "There's a craft coming out to us, sir," and he'd ask you if you had time to have one before the boat was met at the gangway. Well, who wouldn't have time?

I used to report boats coming out if they were heading anywhere in our direction. Then Bella would laugh and say, "Come on, dad, the Second is wanting his shake-up," and he had to give me one.

That's how I knew Bella was sweet on me. But because few of the boats I reported ever came near us he had got fly of late and generally took a squirt out of the cabin to make sure.

This time, however, the motor-boat was certainly coming. She was a big, black craft, with gold lines and a raised cabin aft that had white curtains fluttering round the corners of the windows.

Bella reached the side just as I was thinking about the cocktail.

"Craft coming out, Miss Turner," I said, touching my cap. "I'd better report to the skipper."

"Please let him have his sleep," she answered, with a smile, tiller again.

"I'll see you get the cocktail when I come back. Don't disturb him—the boat is up to time, anyway."

"Is it coming for you, miss?" I exclaimed.

"It is. I may not be back until late in the evening. Will you please see that the gangway is kept down? I don't want to give the men any extra work—"

"Leave it to me," I said. "I'm on watch until midnight. I'll have things ready and will rig up an extra lantern."

"That's very thoughtful of you," said she, with one of the smiles that showed her dimples two of them disembark and go and made me feel fine. "You ashore. Then I lost them in the may tell the captain when he wakes that I've gone."

"You're not needing an escort, Miss Turner?" I ventured slyly; but she shook her head.

"Not this time, Second. There's one coming for me in the motor-boat, you see."

I did see as the boat chugged up close to us. In the stern was a big fellow, who stood six feet in his socks if he was an inch. He took off his cap with a flourish as he steered close to the ladder and steadied the boat with one hand on the upright pin on the bottom grating.

Bella was down the ladder like a flash, and jumped into the boat with a gurgling delight; and the next moment the boat was shooting past our stern and making way for the shore.

It had all been done very quickly and with good seamanship, the big fellow giving me a wave of his

Besides, when I married Bella, I figured I would have to ship with her father until she learned the trick of shaking the drinks I'll together. It's an art you can't expect to be hereditary, like a bank-book.

I watched the motor-boat make for the slip of jetty, and saw the smiles that showed her dimples two of them disembark and go and made me feel fine. "You ashore. Then I lost them in the may tell the captain when he wakes that I've gone."

"Anything new?" he asked.

"Where's Bella?"

"She's gone ashore," I said.

"A motor-boat came off for her."

He looked at me with a sudden flash in his eye.

"Why didn't you report the boat? Who came for her?" he demanded.

"She asked me to let you sleep it out," I answered. "There was only one man in the boat besides the engineman. He was a big fellow, and he didn't leave his name—"

"I'll bet," he interrupted me, "you've allowed that boy Rawley to take her off before your eyes. What do you think I was giving you all them cocktails for?"

"For reporting boats making the *Vulcan Two*, sir," I answered.

"For keeping my girl on board,"

(Continued on Page 3)

## QUIZ for today

1. What is the highest railway bridge in the world, and about how high is it?
2. About what is the fastest time for the 1 mile flat race?
3. What does a gamekeeper's licence cost?
4. What is the difference between a terminus and a terminary?

5. What famous American building is known as the "Flat-iron," and why?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Charles Kingsley, Charles Dickens, Charles Darwin, Charles Lamb, Charles Reade.

### Answers to Quiz in No. 762

1. Lower Zambesi, Africa, 1-3 miles long.
2. 9½ seconds.
3. 1d.
4. 10-17 years.
5. 90 degrees.
6. W. Scott's name is Walter; others are William.

## People are Queer

YOU wouldn't expect to find an old soldier who has seen twenty-five years' service in many parts of the world, and has been through some of the hottest spots of two World Wars, content to spend his last years in one of the most peaceful places in the world. Or would you?

Perhaps he's due for a little peace and quiet—Mr. James Streatfield, of Northland Street, Camberwell, whom you can see any day on duty at the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square.

Maybe it was the example of Nelson standing patiently on that high column that persuaded him: for, though he was a soldier in the last World War, it was as a marine that he served at Zeebrugge and in the Far East between the two great conflicts.

He has his mementoes of the fights he's been in. One arm hangs at his side, and he likes to rest one leg against a stool.

But visitors to the Gallery don't often notice this. The sergeant in his new duties is as efficient in directing people to the pictures as he was in leading his troops to enemy strong points.

HUNDREDS—maybe thousands—of seamen owed their lives to Dave Pritchard, of Deal.

Before you or I were born he was a life-boat man engaged on rescue work in the Straits of Dover, the lower Thames estuary and the Goodwins.

He was one of a famous trio, whose other members were his brother Charles and Harry Meakins, of Deal, his brother-in-law.

Before motor-boats were invented they often rowed a thirty miles circuit of the Goodwins in fog to search for shipwrecks or stranded vessels, and many ship's crews were saved through their skill and courage.

When he died the other day, aged 83, Dave was the last survivor of the three. The other two died a few months ago at ripe old ages.

MARCUS SCHECTER, a native of Palestine, fought in Libya, Greece and Crete with the British Army. He was captured in Crete and sent to a German prison camp. There he went blind.

A short time ago he was repatriated and sent into a military hospital in Jerusalem.

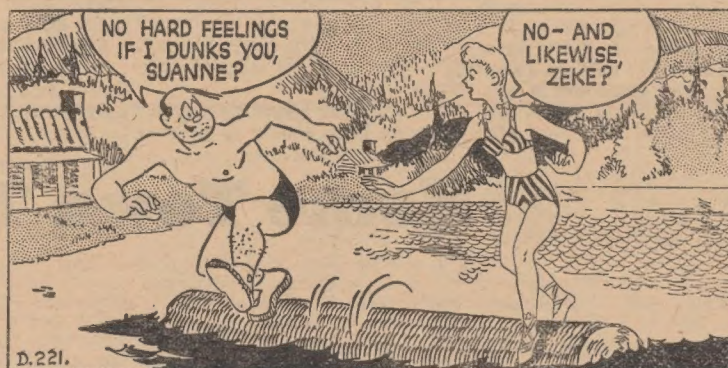
One day, his sister took his nine-years-old son along to see him. Schecter had not seen the boy since he was four years old.

Tears came into his eyes as he passed his hand over the boy's face. And then he gave a shout. "I can see him!" he cried. "I can see my son!"

This miracle cure was confirmed by the hospital doctors, and Schecter's sight is now practically normal.

D. N. K. B.

## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 701

- 1. Behead to bubble and get a cure for squeaks.
- 2. Insert the same letter 4 times and make sense of: illyou-sitchtheirellesonno?
- 3. What two common insects can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: A bomber can be used to carry —, but a — cannot.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 700

- 1. G-rasp.
- 2. Tom tapped the dottle out of his pipe.
- 3. NATIVE.
- 4. Fringe, finger.

JANE

Bella's Choice

(Continued from Page 2)

he roared. "You've let the two of 'em go off together against my wishes, and he'll be making love to her up there, with his father and mother, drinking tea all together, in spite of my instructions."

"I don't see how he can make love to your daughter if his father and mother are present, sir," I replied. "Anyway, I don't get the hang of the affair. Your daughter ain't one like that. She and I are friendly—"

"Oh, I know you are all in love with her," he interrupted. "Haven't I watched you all? You and the First Mate, and the Third, and even the bo'sun. You can't tell me what I know. That ain't news. I wish to goodness one of you would marry her, and then I'd know where I am."

"Well," I said, "if you put

it that way, I'll see her when she comes back. I don't know who this Rawley is, and I don't care—"

"You would if you knew more," interrupted the skipper, sobering down into his ordinary self. "It's on your behalf I'm making all the fuss. If ever there was a big, soft pup it's him. I'll tell you what my trouble is, and you can whisper it to the First and Third mates and fix things up with Bella."

"Maybe you don't know that this Rawley is the son of the man that is building the caisson we are to dump down over by the edge of the reef?"

"I didn't know, sir. Well?"

"My girl and he met at college. They were fairly friendly, and he used to come and play tennis with the crowd until he left college. And his wife sided with him. I now."

It was at a big tennis tournament took that as a personal reflection." I first saw him. He wasn't a bad boy. Bella had taken me to the tellin' them," I said. "If it was that tournament to look on. Fancy time we worked the "Vulcan" taking me, a tug skipper, to a "Two" through the gale off Paradise college tournament?"

"It does sound funny," I behind us, I hope you didn't tell that we're to dump."

admitted; and he rambled on 'em the language you used every while my ears were open for the time a hawser broke."

crux of the story.

"I met his father and mother It was just general talk. The sport, and knows a man when she there. His mother and I had a long lady, she said that her son was all sees 'one. No, she won't choose talk. I was telling her about how she had, and one had to be careful. him. She's got to choose soon, a tug could be handled, when her She wanted him to become a nice too."

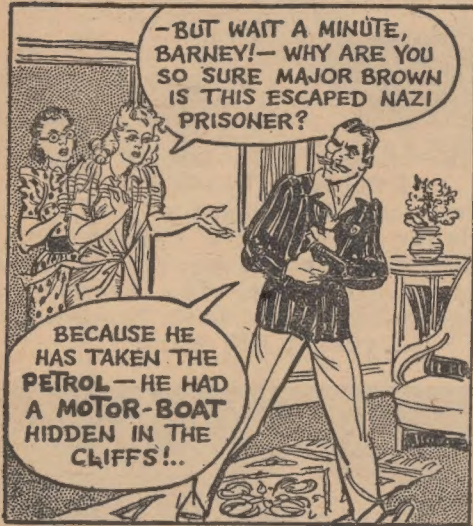
husband butted in and said that boy. Well, their talk sickened me at the lad, who, I could see, was cap on straight and buttoning there was one thing he had deter- at fast developing into a big boob. up my reefer, "I'm glad to hear mined on, and that was he'd never let his son become a hard "I never saw them afterwards, you say that she won't have him. case. I asked him what he meant nor heard of them, until I got the You've slipped a hint to me more'n by a hard case. He replied that job of coming down here to dump once that Bella and I would get he meant doing the hard work the caisson. Then I found that it along fine; but you've said as was Rawley's lighthouse. They much to the first mate, too. sent an invitation across for me to Now, he's a teetotaler, and that Second, that man, there and then, come over and see them—they've puts him out of the running. He said he had forbidden his son to got a house on the beach—but I wouldn't appreciate your cock- didn't answer it. I don't want tails. But what do you mean when play football or take any risks at games. He was scared to think Bella to get into touch with a big you say that Bella has to choose his son would develop into a tough, simp like that boy must be by soon. And his wife sided with him. I now."

"I see," I remarked. "You expected that he'd come and ask your daughter ashore?"

"He did it. Sent the invitation I'm telling you about. Asked us to go ashore and see the caisson that we're to dump."

"So I put my foot down. Mind you, I don't think Bella is likely to fall for him. She always was a sport, and knows a man when she was cap on straight and buttoning up my reefer, "I'm glad to hear you've slipped a hint to me more'n by a hard case. He replied that job of coming down here to dump once that Bella and I would get he meant doing the hard work the caisson. Then I found that it along fine; but you've said as was Rawley's lighthouse. They much to the first mate, too. sent an invitation across for me to Now, he's a teetotaler, and that Second, that man, there and then, come over and see them—they've puts him out of the running. He said he had forbidden his son to got a house on the beach—but I wouldn't appreciate your cock- didn't answer it. I don't want tails. But what do you mean when play football or take any risks at games. He was scared to think Bella to get into touch with a big you say that Bella has to choose his son would develop into a tough, simp like that boy must be by soon. And his wife sided with him. I now."

(To be continued).



RUGGLES



CROSS-WORD CORNER

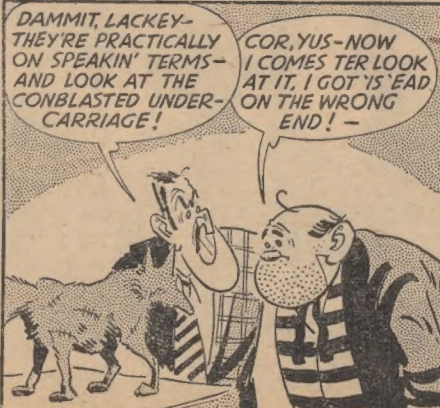
JAY STORM S	
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MORAL HULLO	
ENDIVE GLOW	
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OUR GUY TED	
SOMEDAY U	
JAVA ENAMEL	
AGENT IRONY	
MERGE DEWS	
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GARTH

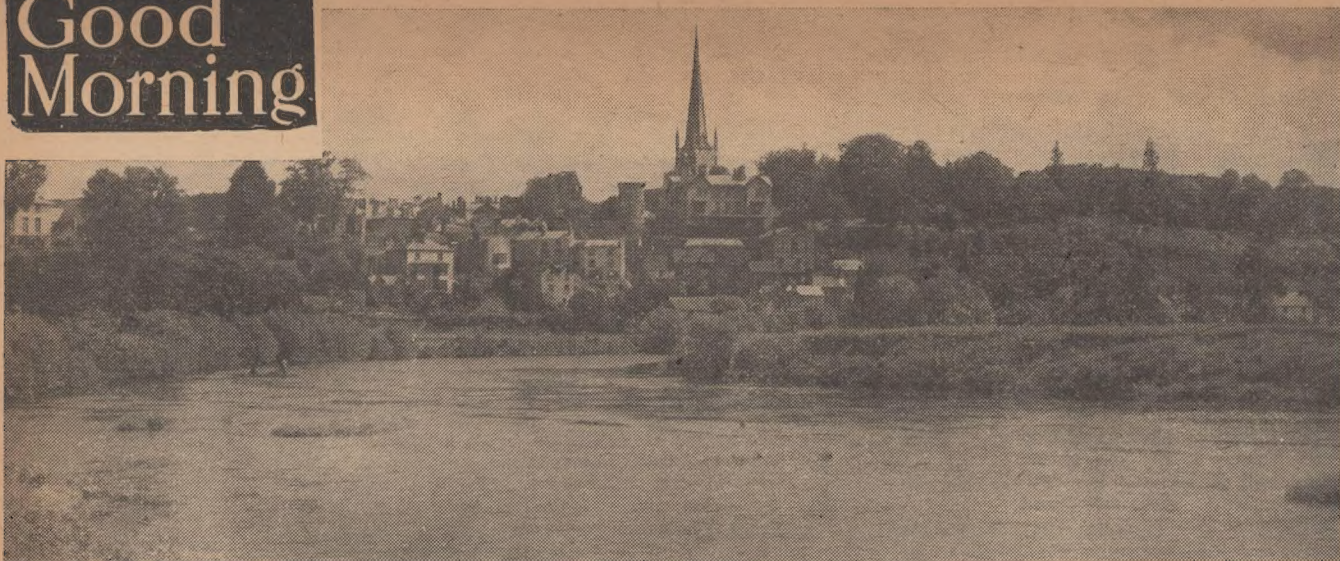


JUST JAKE



CLUES ACROSS.—1 Place. 5. Mischievous. 11 I.O.W. town. 13 Carved stone. 14 Settle. 16 Box. 17 Animal enclosure. 18 Hold forth. 20 Yawned. 22 Uninteresting. 24 Pep. 25 Page. 26 Part of helmet. 28 Gull. 30 Drink. 32 Painful start. 34 Animal pen. 36 Formerly. 38 Messenger. 39 Absolute. 40 Pip. 41 Hoax.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Rascals. 2 Broomstick. 3 Due. 4 Sheep. 6 Decoration. 7 Over. 8 Baggage. 9 Ocean. 10 Toil-hardened. 12 Sale place. 15 Clover. 19 Add beauty to. 21 French friend. 23 Eggs. 26 Vigour. 27 Waver. 29 Hold and use. 31 Unfrequented. 33 Sly fellow. 35 Perch. 37 Vehicle. 39 Thanks.



**THIS ENGLAND.**—The old town of Ross, on the Welsh Marches, is here seen from the River Wye. This boundary country—between England and Wales—is among the loveliest in the land.



## TAKING HER MEASURE.

Four doctors were on the board of judges at a beauty contest, held in aid of the British Legion, to elect "Miss London, 1945." Here you see one of the doctors (lucky dog!) running the tape measure over a contestant's charms. We always wanted to be a doctor ourselves.



## THE "SKIPPER."

The Captain was visiting the girls' school that had kindly adopted his ship and crew. In return for the letters and parcels the girls had sent, the Captain and his Number One called on the school. The girls thought it was a fair bargain!



## DOUBLE THIRST!

"Two thirsts with but a single thought" would be a good title for this picture of a young Egyptian girl and her doggy pal, sharing a drink at a fountain in a Cairo street. The fountain looks a little like a bathroom wash basin—but we suppose it will wash.



**SHAPING THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY.** No, it's not what you thought! The craftsman is a man who makes saddletrees. And—in case you don't know—a saddletree is the framework of wood and iron on which the leather saddle is assembled. All saddletrees are shaped to order, and this man shapes seats for Princesses, Kings and Rajahs.



## "LUGGAGE TAXI, SIR."

The lads of Clacton-on-Sea have formed a "box taxi service" to carry visitors' luggage from the railway station to hotels and lodgings. The police approve. One lad made £2 9s. 0d. in five days.